

EVELYN THAW'S STORY ORDERED TOLD IN PUBLIC

Justice Rules That Prisoner's Constitutional Rights Protect Him Against Hearing Testimony at Private Session of Court.

Before a smaller audience and a colder one than she has ever before had, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw returned to the witness stand in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court today to tell of her alleged downfall at the hands of Stanford White as she told it to Harry Thaw before and after their marriage to repeat all its amazing details which her husband's lawyers say drove from his addled brain the last spark of reason and sent him a madman to murder White on the roof of Madison Square Garden. It was expected that she would be under examination and cross-examination for at least two days.

Despite the interest in the testimony of this young former artist's model and prize beauty, the big chamber was less than half full, and all its occupants were men at that, when the formality of ushering in the prisoner, the Justice and the jury took place.

Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, sometimes called the "Rockefeller Church," sat at the back of the room on a lounge with two court officers. Yesterday morning the jurors attended service at his church, and today the English preacher repaid the compliment by coming to hear the proceedings.

Before court convened there was a lot of conjecture concerning the order in which the testimony would be offered for the defense. It had been generally believed that Miss Belle Morehouse Lawrence, Thaw's former school teacher from California, would take the stand this morning, but when Thaw's lawyers arrived they announced that they would send Evelyn Thaw back to the witness chair to resume her story where she left off Friday.

Capt. Lynch, in charge of the squad guarding the jurors, denied today the report printed in a morning paper to the effect that James A. Hopper, juror No. 12, had been ill of pneumonia poisoning. He said all the jurors were in good health.

WHITMORE CASE WITNESS CAUGHT

Boasted in Pittsburgh that He Could Tell Much About Swamp Murder.

The police of Harrison, N. J., today received a telegram from Chief of Police C. H. Flaherty, of Pittsburgh, notifying them that he had under arrest Charles E. Hays, a traveling man, who, he thought, might know a good deal about the Whitmore case.

Hays was arrested by the Pittsburgh police on a request from the officials of Portland, Me., where he was wanted on a charge of forgery. He is said to have discussed the strange case of Lupa Whitmore, the woman whose body was found in the Black Swamp near Harrison, Ohio, with many people in Pittsburgh, and boasted that he would make a good witness for the New Jersey authorities if they could get him.

The Pittsburgh police found on him a post card signed "Your old friend, Teddy Whitmore."

There was also a diary containing several entries referring to George Dickenson.

Whitmore is at present in jail in Jersey City, charged with the murder of his wife and the Dickenson woman has been held as a witness. Chief Rogers of Harrison left there at once to consult with Prosecutor Vickers, in Jersey City.

LAST OF THE OTTAWAS DEAD.

SANDUSKY, O., Jan. 20.—Betty Bonnett, ninety-five years of age, daughter of Obeah, chief of the tribe of Ottawa Indians, died yesterday. She is said to have been the last of her race.

PROVING:

That there's a very good reason why The World printed 1,405,032 Separate Advertisements last year—292,747 MORE than the Herald. :: :: ::

Jan. 14, 1908.

New York World:

On Jan. 10 we inserted two ads. in your "Help Wanted—Male" columns. We are so gratified with the results that we are to-day cancelling our advertisements in every other paper, and we ask you now to continue the ads. you are now running until further notice.

We cannot help but commend you for the class of men your columns draw. Very truly yours,

THE AMERICAN HEBREW,
489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Ask and see if you can find ANY World Advertiser who doesn't feel about the same way. :: :: ::

PROVINCIALS OF FIFTH AVE. WON'T CARE FOR HEAVEN Unless They Can Go There in Their Automobiles

—COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

They Spend Fortunes to Break Into Titled Society, but Usually Land in London's Fast Set.

THIRD GENERATION HERE NO IMPROVEMENT ON FIRST.

Kentucky Editor Excoriates the Idle Rich and the New Rich in Explaining His Carnegie Hall Speech.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

As a lamb to the slaughter came Col. Henry Watterson to be interviewed.

When I called the famous Kentuckian up at the Manhattan Club to ask him, on behalf of The Evening World, just what he meant by calling New Yorkers provincial in his recent speech at Carnegie Hall, he gallantly replied that he could not permit me to call on him, and that he would prefer to come and see me at my hotel.

Three o'clock yesterday afternoon brought the distinguished editor and his explanation to my door.

Now, I'm going to delay telling you just why Col. Watterson thinks us—us, or at least, some of us—provincial long enough to dispel a widespread illusion about him.

The Colonel was no sooner seated than he was asked by one having authority to take a drink.

"No," he replied. "I don't drink anything except wine and light beer, and then only at meals. I know I've been painted as a red-nosed, whiskey-drinking Kentuckian, and that might injure me. I have named after me. I have even seen my name attached to recipes for their concoction. Yet I have probably not drunk more than six mint juleps in my life."

"You ride the wave of prohibition that is now sweeping over Kentucky?" I inquired.

"Not as a rule," Col. Watterson replied. "I know of two—that of Princess Hatzfeldt and of the Countess of Oxford, who was Louise Corbin—that I would call ideal marriages. Many American girls marry English men and are perfectly happy."

"Many of the millionaire families of New York are in the third generation," Col. Watterson reverted, "and strangely enough they have not improved. The original Cornelius Vanderbilt and old William B. Astor were very fine men."

"I took occasion to salt down the whole herd of New York millionaires when young Remington, whose father was my friend, committed suicide at Newport when old Van Alen wouldn't let his daughter marry him."

"Some time later I met one of Mrs. Astor's granddaughters whom I had not seen for some time. As I was leaving I asked her to present my respectful homage to Mrs. Astor, whom I had known, adding that she probably wouldn't remember me."

"I should say she does remember you," was the reply. "She does not forget about you for three months."

Can Only Buy Into Fast Set.

"The great mass of what I have called the provincials of Fifth Avenue," continued the Colonel, answering another question, "never attain the titled society they covet. They are never invited to the ducal houses in England. You may meet a world-famous man like Andrew Carnegie there, and other friends whom I made welcome, but the most of the horde can buy with their millions in admission to the London 'fast set,' which has some good names, but whose members all go the gait."

In Paris they storm vainly the outer ramparts of the Faubourg St. Germain.

"When you said of these people, Colonel, that their boasted superiority is largely the idiosyncrasy of clothes, did you know them twice a month."

"You know Mrs. Watterson and I have spent some time every year in Barcelona for the last three years. I never expected to be ashamed of the Spanish war," he added earnestly, "but living among these simple, childlike people has made me ashamed of it. We might as well have fought children with little tin guns and little toy boats."

This time I brought the Colonel back from Barcelona with a question.

"But why did you say New Yorkers are provincial?" I asked.

The Provincials of Fifth Avenue.

"I did not speak of New Yorkers in general," he replied. "I was careful to restrict myself to the provincials of Fifth Avenue—people who won't care to go to heaven unless they can go in their automobiles."

"I criticize New York as a New Yorker, not as an outsider. I have spent a great deal of time here. I was a reporter here. I could take a New Yorker down to where Fourth Street crosses Tenth street and lose him. I remember when there were no shops above Union Square. The Square had a railing about it then to which people used to hitch their horses."

"I don't criticize the body of New Yorkers like you and me, who do something. I refer to the idle class—the rich and the new rich, who know Europe better than their own country, who buy titles for their daughters and spend from \$100,000 to \$500,000 a year to get into titled society."

"This very love of title shows the New Yorker's provincialism. A title

is nothing without an estate. French titles are not recognized by the Government.

Bogus Titles Catch Provincials.

"Many of the so-called bearers of ancient French names are known to be descendants of valets and butlers who took the names of nobles who perished in the Reign of Terror. What can an American girl expect but unhappiness when she marries a man who came over here to sell a title he knows is bogus?"

"Then you don't believe in international marriages?"

"Not as a rule," Col. Watterson replied. "I know of two—that of Princess Hatzfeldt and of the Countess of Oxford, who was Louise Corbin—that I would call ideal marriages. Many American girls marry English men and are perfectly happy."



HENRY WATTERSON

TAKES POISON AS TWO CHILDREN CLING TO HER

Mrs. Bache Kisses Boy and Girl and Falls to Floor in Agony.

With the arms of her two children clinging to her neck as they pleaded with her not to cry, Mrs. Mary Bache, a tall, handsome woman, today took a bottle of carbolic acid on a near-by bureau, drank its contents and then fell to the floor screaming with the torture of the burning fluid.

Her husband Arthur reached her side in a few seconds to find the two children, Percy, aged thirteen years, and Irene, aged eleven years, kneeling on the floor at the side of their mother, with hands extended in prayer.

Mrs. Bache saw at once that her life had been forfeited and called her brother, Dr. Fred Bache, and Dr. Max Volk of No. 107 Prospect avenue, three doors away from the Bache home, at No. 163 Prospect avenue.

The physicians failed to restore the woman to consciousness and then called the Lebanon Hospital ambulance. Dr. Rosen, who responded, says there is little hope for her recovery.

Despondency over the failure of her husband to secure employment and regain some of the fortune which he is supposed to have lost is believed to have caused the woman to be temporarily deranged. Mr. Bache was at one time well-to-do. For weeks he has sought congenial work.

The failure to obtain the comforts which she once enjoyed proved on Mrs. Bache's mind. She became gloomy and often hysterical. Last week Mr. Bache said he had been promised a position. He was to start work this morning. Mrs. Bache became cheerful. He left home early today, but returned at a quarter of nine. Mrs. Bache met him at the door.

Failed to Get Work.

"Well," he said, "they put me off today, but told me to come around again tomorrow. I'm getting disheartened."

Mrs. Bache burst into tears and ran to her bedroom. Her children joined her. She sat on a chair near the window weeping. Bache was in another part of the house. She kissed both of the children, gently removed her arm from around little Percy and reached for the carbolic acid bottle.

"Oh God, forgive me, but I can't stand it longer," she moaned as she again kissed the children. The next instant she had consumed the poison and fell screaming in agony on the floor.

St. Gregory's Hospital.

Hammer Hit Third Rail.

There was a startling explosion and Workman Was Severely Burned.

While at work today on the extension which is being added to the Brooklyn Bridge terminal station across Park Row, Andrew Gammon, an iron worker, let the hammer he was using slip from his grasp. As it fell it came in contact with the third rail, causing a short circuit and explosion that killed many persons in the station awaiting trains.

Gammon was severely burned about the face from the flames caused by the meeting of the two metals. He was attended by Dr. David and removed to St. Gregory's Hospital.

Gammon is thirty-eight years old and lives at No. 20 West Forty-ninth street.

MAID ACCUSED OF EXPOSING CHILD TO FEVER

Annie Mulrooney Visited House When Relative Was Ill of Scarlet Infection.

Annie Mulrooney, a nurse maid, was arraigned in the West Side Court today before Magistrate Barlow and held in \$200 bail for trial on a charge preferred by Gibson Arnold, a lawyer and manager of the Scientific American, in whose home, at No. 315 West Ninety-fourth street, the girl was employed.

The maid was accused of "wilfully exposing herself to a case of scarlet fever," and it is the first case of its kind that the courts of this city or the police have ever had to handle.

The girl had been taking care of the children in Mr. Arnold's home for more than a year. Last night the lawyer became alarmed when he overheard the nursemaid tell one of his children that her sister's little daughter was ill with scarlet fever, for he recalled immediately that the maid had taken his youngest daughter to the home of her sister, Mrs. Mary Hines, at No. 433 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, on Thursday of last week.

Upon questioning the maid Mr. Arnold was further shocked to learn that from the time she had been suffering from the dreaded scarlet fever for more than a week and became furious when the maid admitted that she had remained over night several times at her sister's home since the child had been ill.

Indignant at the manner in which his children and household had been exposed to contagion, Mr. Arnold hurried to a telephone and summoned a police man from the West One Hundredth street station. When Policeman McCrea arrived at the house he found Mr. Arnold apparently guarding the nursemaid, who was weeping.

Took Her to Police Station.

Mr. Arnold accompanied the policeman and the girl to the stationhouse, where the case was explained to Lieut. Shields. The lieutenant was in a quandary as to whether or not he could send the girl, as he had never heard of a similar case and knew of no section in the Penal code that would cover the charge.

Shields finally held the girl and charged her with a violation of the Health Department regulations.

After a night in a cell the girl was assigned before Magistrate Barlow, who found that the maid was guilty of a misdemeanor and held her for trial.

Mr. Arnold produced a letter which he found in the room of one of his children. It purported to have been written by Mrs. Hines after the girl's first visit to the infected home, and warned the nursemaid not to let Mr. Arnold or any of his family know that her cousin had scarlet fever.

CZAR BLESSES WATERS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 20.—The annual ceremony of blessing the waters, during which in 1906 the czar narrowly escaped being killed by a saluting cannon, took place at Tsarskoe-Selo yesterday. Instead of blessing the Neva, the czar blessed the waters of the lake in the palace park. The "zarina" did not take part in the celebration, as illness still confines her indoors.

Sheldon B. Shaw Must Now Pay Alimony to First Wife Supporting Second.

Sheldon B. Shaw, of Manhattan avenue and One Hundred and Sixth street, a real-estate operator, with a residence at No. 150 Broadway, today learned that he was sending a lawyer to oppose his wife's motion for an increase of the alimony allowed to her on a decree of divorce in 1898, the legality of which he now denies, he "brought himself into the case."

Mrs. Katherine M. Shaw was in court, a frail little woman with hair prematurely silvered and heard Justice Newburger deny the motion of Mr. Shaw's lawyer to strike out of her decree as modified by Justice Giegerich a year ago the clause allowing her \$10 weekly alimony.

The motion was based on the ground that when Mrs. Shaw sued her husband for a divorce he was living in St. Louis, and was never served with the summons and complaint, and knew nothing about it until after the decree was granted in 1898.

In opposition Michael Schnap, counsel for the silver-haired Mrs. Shaw, said: "Sheldon B. Shaw deserted his wife and two little daughters in 1891. She had an estate in her own right at that time from which she received an income of about \$300 a month, and was glad to be independent of her recalcitrant husband. A nominal alimony of \$1 a week was named in the decree. Since then her estate has been much depleted, and now she needs that support to which she is entitled from her former husband even though he has since married another woman, with whom he is living in every comfort on Manhattan avenue."

In 1907 Mrs. Shaw appealed to Justice Giegerich for a modification of the decree, increasing her alimony from \$1 to \$15 a week. Mr. Shaw appeared by attorney in opposition. No objection was raised, and the decree of Mrs. Shaw's divorce decree, and by that voluntary appearance in opposition Mr. Shaw brought himself into the case.

Justice Newburger said that having such as Mr. Shaw submitted himself to the court a year ago and had never appealed from Justice Giegerich's order increasing Mrs. Shaw's alimony, he had voluntarily yielded any right he might have had to question the legality of her divorce, and refused to strike out the alimony clause.

"NEWSIES" AT CONCERT.

Five Hundred Youngsters Enthusiastic Over Entertainment.

Five hundred newsboys, members of the Newsboys' Home club, gathered last night in their gymnasium for their Sunday evening concert. These "Sunday evenings" are growing in popularity among the boys, and if the place would hold a thousand it would be crowded, for newsboys have the privilege of seeing and hearing people quite impossible on other occasions.

The audience was exceptionally enthusiastic, for it had been whispered that "Seltzer" Walters, George Me Manus of The Evening World and "Star" of the World would be among the entertainers.

"Many coffee drinkers 'doctor' for nervousness, whereas a change to well-made (boiled 15 minutes) POSTUM is all they need."

"There's a Reason"

Important to STOUT WOMEN

INTRODUCTORY SALE OF THE NEW FLATNING-BACK Nemo SELF-REDUCING CORSET

NOW IN PROGRESS IN EVERY STORE WHERE NEMO CORSETS ARE SOLD

JERSEY SPEED IN ROMER MURDER CASE

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 20.—The trial of George Wilson, the negro heliboy, for the murder of Frederick R. Romer, a wealthy Orange undertaker, in his room in the Park Hotel on the morning of Dec. 13, was begun here today before Judge Jay Ten Eyck and a jury in the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

A jury was drawn with little delay, all the members, with two exceptions, being Newark men.

Prosecutor Young in opening for the State, called attention to the standing of Romer as a citizen and business man, and to the fact that the Park Hotel was his home and said that under the law Romer had a right to kill any person committing a felony in his rooms in the hotel.

This statement of the prosecutor is supposed to be in anticipation of a claim by the defense's lawyers that the negro acted in self defense.

The prosecutor said that the State had a case against Wilson, and that the defendant admitted that he killed Romer and this would be put in evidence at the proper time.

Edward G. Kemp, County Physician Elliott, Mrs. Mattie D. Hopper and Miss Jessie E. Kell all gave testimony relative to the finding of Romer dead in his room and told of incidents preceding and following the crime.

Solid Gold Eye Glasses \$1.00 a Pair.

These are the same kind of Glasses as are sold generally at \$5.00 a pair. This is a remarkable chance for one that should attract strong interest because the opportunity is presented by an optician of more than thirty years' experience, one with a wide-spread reputation for ability and correctness. This means that you can only get a pair of five dollar solid gold eye glasses for one dollar, but that the glasses are absolutely right to every particular.

FOR THIS WEEK

If your eyes trouble you in any way, come to see my oculist. These glasses will examine them thoroughly and give you advice free of charge. Every pair of these glasses is guaranteed absolutely correct or refunded.

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